May I have this dance?
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May I have this dance?

by Sailor (Sailorwritesstuff)

Summary

"I tend to handle things usually by myself
And I can't ever seem to try and ask for help. I'm sitting here, crying in my **** dress…"

or

Everyone forgets about Mirabel's Quince well... Everyone except Antonio.

Notes

a fic based on several of my birthdays shoved into one bc I've never had a party but all my sisters have
but once my littlest sister danced with me because she remembered.

also I literally fell asleep writing the end so...idk how well written that is and I don't want to

read it and find out

Spanish translation:
Primo/Prima = cousin
mija = daughter
Una casa vacía.= an empty house.

Chapter 1

"So Abuela I was thinking about maybe a princess theme. What do you think?" The energetic 14-year-old bounced around her busy Abuela holding a scrapbook that she'd been working on since her sister's quinceañera.

"For what?" Alma's face fixed into a frown as she checked over a list she was holding frustratedly.

"For my quince! it's coming up in a month, remember? We were going to go over it last month but you forgot…" she trailed off hoping she hadn't insinuated the her Abuela was imperfect.

"Yes, fine. That's fine, Mirabel." She looked up from her list as Mirabel's Tia walked past. "Pepa you have a cloud!"

"Jesucristo... I KNOW MAMA!" and just like that Mirabel was left alone in the hall.

"Greaaaaat. I'll uh.. I'll get back to you on that one, Abuela." She turned on her heels.

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"HEY ISA!" Mirabel ran after her sister as quickly as her much shorter legs could take her. "Isa! Wait up! I have a question about flowers!"
Isabela wiped her head around so fast Mirabel was concerned about her getting whiplash. "What is it? Quickly. I have work to do." She rolled her eyes watching Mirabel pathetically catch her breath

Mirabel reached into her bag and pulled out a small piece of paper with a list of flowers on it and held it for Isabela to take. "Do you…" She paused to catch a breath some more. "Do you think you could make a bouquet of these? a pretty one."

Isabela looked like she was about to start talking about how she didn't have time for this but when she looked at her little sister's wide eyes behind her big frame glasses she sighed and focused on the tug of magic inside of her shrouding a bundle of different flowers as she looked over the list.

Ivory Roses
Blue Delphinium
Blue Hydrangea
White Button Poms

Simple enough.
She held a small bouquet of flowers to her sister. "Like this?" She asked uncertainly but her words were cut short as her sister jumped at her throwing her arms around her neck.

"Yes PERFECT! I can't wait for next month." She was basically bursting with energy as she ran away leaving Isabela to think. 'What's going on next month??'

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"Mama! Can I talk to you?"
"Of course mija." Julieta smiled, handing out food to townsmen as they approached. "Tch Corazón did you bump into something? you have a bruise. here. eat." She shoved a snack into Mirabel's hands.

"No! Well yes! But that's what I'm here to talk about. Food! My Quince! I was hoping we could

talk about the food."

"Aye My baby…" Julieta cooed, wiping daughter's chubby cheeks. "you're going to be a woman soon! isn't that wonderful?" She kissed her cheek quickly. "Yes, of course we can talk about your party. It seems so late to get started, just 2 weeks. We've got to look at dresses and the flowers, and the invites!"

"Mama. I made my own dress, and I already know exactly what flowers I want, and Abuela said she'd do the invitations." Mirabel smiled hoping it would bring her mom comfort but instead her smile broke at the thought of missing everything.

"I'm so sorry I wasn't there to help you."

"It's alright. I know the family is...busy sometimes." She insists.

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Mirabel sat alone in her nightgown record player going softly; it was nearing midnight but she had much work to do. She's spent the night so far hunched over her sewing machine adding small finishing details and ruffles to her skirt.
She yawned tiredly pulling back to admire The mural of butterflies covering part of her pale blue dress. She had tried to work as quietly as possible knowing Antonio needed his sleep but she could tell that he was growing restless with the noise so she decided to call it a night with the sewing.

She helped the gorgeous gown to her chest and spun on her toes. She felt like a princess…
for the first time she felt perfect just twirling in her dimly lit room to the music of her record player in her old nightgown.

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Antonio and Mirabel's birthdays were 9 days apart. Her Tia Pepa often joked that Antonio was like a birthday gift for her.
So it wasn't a surprise when Antonio started buzzing about his birthday being next week. His 5th birthday.
However what did surprise her was that nobody had mentioned setting up for her party at all. Since waking up that morning it had all been "Antonio's birthday" "Antonio's gifting ceremony" but no "Mirabel-"

She had tried to bring up the topic at breakfast when Abuela mentioned birthday but the entire table talked over her.

She brought it up again when she had asked Luisa for her help setting up tomorrow. But their conversation had been cut short by the stupid donkeys getting loose.

The more she tried to bring it up throughout the day she got an increasingly unsettling feeling in her gut.
That she wishes she would have listened to.

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Midnight.
"Happy birthday to me." She whispered into the air. Casita's tiles rumbled softly and she giggled, reaching her hand down to run her knuckles across the magic floors. "Thank you, Casita."
At breakfast it went the same as usual family conversation talks of Antonio ceremony Abuela was in a heated conversation with Peppa at the end of the table quite loudly. Her mom didn't wish her happy birthday but did affectionately kiss her forehead and briefly speak with her.

"You're in a good mood this morning. You're practically glowing." Julieta smiled, piling food onto Mirabel's plate.

"Thank you Mama, maybe it's because I'm-" But she was cut short by the head of the family clapping her hands together.

"Ah yes I remember what I had to ask-" Alma started and Mirabel held her breath. "I need someone to take Toñito to be fitted for his suit today."

"Mirabel can take me!" Antonio insisted almost immediately and Mirabel's head snapped in his direction. She opened her mouth ready to decline. She wanted to say no she was busy. But before the words could even leave her mouth she saw the look of distaste and fear on some of her family members' faces at the suggestion.

"No Toñito I'm sure she has... Other things to do today. It should be handled by someone else in the family." Antonio frowned but he didn't fight with his Abuela instead turning to pick at his food.

It wasn't until lunch that it had hit her they had forgotten. There were no flowers going up like at Isabela's party, no towering cake like at Dolores's, and no pretty lights like with Luisa. It was a barren hall. Una casa vacía.
She wandered the empty halls running her fingers along all the warm golden doors. 'Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry. They're just busy. They love me. I'm just as special as the rest of them.' still when she found herself in front of Isabela's door she felt a surge of multiple emotions when she thought about how pretty Isa had looked decked in her perfect poofy white and red dress covered in gorgeous red roses. When her dad got down on her knees and put on her pretty new heels. Tears began to fall and she felt a dry sob shake her body when she remembered how in awe she was at 8 when she saw her papa twirl Isabela in their dance. 'don't be upset. don't cry.' she made a mad dash to her room, no, the nursery. A pathetic gut wrenching sob came pushing up her throat and she felt overwhelmingly like vomiting.

Why couldn't she have something nice? WHY couldn't anyone remember her for one day? HER DAY? She didn't think she asked for much really, she stayed out of the way, she kept her head down, she let herself be useless but no matter how hard she tried to please the more she seemed to disappoint. Another sob came flying out of her throat as she sat in her chair in front of the mirror. Why was she so pathetic? She wiped violently at her tears, staring at herself like this made her want to crawl out of her own skin and never go back. Her shaky hand reached out and grasped a makeup brush and compact. She gently probed at her own flesh noticing how red a puffy her eyes had become, even as she covered her skin in makeup, painting her eyelids a stunning blue, and her lips a brilliant red, she cried trying her hardest not to smudge her work. She heard her family arrive chatting amongst each other without a care in the world which only made her cry harder as she glared at her reflection.

She had made herself beautiful. Still as she stared at her own features she felt something was missing. Her face, while covered like a work of art, still looked plain. She lifted her smallest brush, dipped it into her darkest black and dotted a small mark on her left cheek. There.
She let out a wet giggle clapping her hands together giddily.
'Now I'm pretty! Just like her' she stared at herself mesmerized, once again she reached up to dry her tears some more. "The dress!" she fumbled out of her seat almost knocking it and herself to the ground if not for the help of casita. She rushed to her dress, taking it tenderly in her fingers, careful not to smear any pigment on to the pale pearl blue fabric. Slowly she began sliding out of her day clothes and into her party dress, pulling it over her frame and watching the large skirt hide her legs and bare feet. She found herself staring once again at her reflection.

"Wow…" a small gasp was heard from the door frame. "You look beautiful."
Mirabel wiped her head around so fast it made her a little dizzy to see her primo holding his little white suit in his arms.

“You're crying.” it wasn’t a question, just a statement however Mirabel felt compelled to answer the accusation.

“No i'm…fine…” she huffed.
Antonio snorted, laying his little suit on his bed neatly.
“No you’re not.” he approached her slowly observing all the small details eyes wide in amazement. “But you still look like a princess…happy birthday.” he collided into her large skirt in a (failed) attempt to reach his arm around her. “I've been trying to say that all day, but they kept dragging me around to get fitted for clothes.” he huffed annoyed. Mirabel’s eyes felt like they were going to water again after hearing those two words for the first time all day.
“Thank you.” She finally found herself wrapping her arms around her primo’s small frame.

“I got you something. But I have to let go to get it from under the bed.” He mumbled feeling his prima's grip tighten just a bit.

A soft ‘Thump’ echoed between them as a small blue box hit his foot. “Thank you Casita.” he bent down to pick up the gift and place it in her hands. “It's not as cool as what you got me last year but I made it myself with a little help from Papa with the middle part.” he confessed watching her open the box. She dropped the lip of the box as her hand slapped over her mouth. In the little box was a small wire crown (a craft Mirabel had taught him to make earlier in the year when they had plenty of free time) and a note written in a messy blue wax crayon. Sure enough in the middle was a design of wires much too complicated for Antonio to have made on his own.
“It's perfectly cool, I swear.” She smiled, putting it on her head before pulling him in for another brief hug. “Best gift I got all night.” She joked lightly making Antonio swat at her for the ill timed humor.
“If you want, I'll fight them for you. They won’t forget again.” he offered while sitting on his bed. Though she knew he meant she giggled at his adorable face scrunched in anger take a seat across from him on her own bed.
“Not necessary little guy.”
“Then we can share my ceremony,” he offered. “You deserve your first dance, and your shoes. You've got to have your shoe put on.” her nose crinkled at the thought of ruining his night and making it about herself. That definitely wouldn’t do at all.

“And YOU deserve your own big night. I’ll have Papa put on my shoes some other time.” she shrugged. “I’ve got them over there.” she waved absentmindedly. The two of them fell into silence for a minute listening to the sounds of the house for a little before something clicked into Antonio’s brain.

“...I could do it.” he said looking up at her.
“What?”
“Your shoes. I can put them on…it doesn’t have to be tio it just has to be a boy right? I'm a boy!”
“Yes, I know you're a boy. I changed your diapers.” she rolled her eyes.
“So let me do it. Casita! Can you bring me her shoes?”
“Wha- Casita don’t give him my shoes-” she interjected but the house, for the first time since she could speak, didn’t listen to her.

“Gimme your foot.”
“I will be doing no such thing-”
“Mirabel just give your foot-”

“No you foot heathen!”
The two started playfully fighting each other, Antonio trying to put on the shoe with Mirabel’s big dress in the way. “Ok ok! I give up!” Mirabel threw her head back in laughter once again crying from happiness. She lifted her skirt enough for him to see her feet. “Put on the shoe.”
A bright smile grew on his face, happy for his victory. The tiles around him danced in a way that came off as equally as celebratory. The record player began playing a happy tune on Mirabel’s desk which only made Mirabel laugh harder calling out ‘REALLY Casita?!’
Antonio's grin spread at the sight of his favorite person laughing on her big day, finally, he slid the pair of heels onto his prima’s feet.
“How do they feel?”
“Perfect.” she confirmed.
“What now?”
“Well I can’t just sit here while I'm this pretty can i?” She stood up now a few inches taller. “What do you say, Señor? May I have this dance?”
“Of course Mira.” Antonio smiled, taking her hand.

Antonio danced with him prima, his feet having a much more freedom then her own, still he let her spin him around happily. For Mirabel being able to dance with Antonio, if you could call what she was doing dancing she never felt more graceful. She did never had much rhythm when she was on the spot. She completely lost track of time as the two spun completely off beat giggling and laughing the entire time. “I'm so glad you're here Tonito.” She lifts the small boy into her arms, knocking her crown sideways. He clung to her like a koala still laughing.
“I'm glad I'm here too. Just the two of us.” he rested his forehead on hers and Mirabel moved her nose to bump against his much smaller one for a short eskimo kiss that made Antonio's nose tickle and scrunch up (like it always did) “yeah...the two of us.” she smiled, spinning the two of them around one more time, making Antonio throw his head back and laugh now.

“Eek-”

The two turned to stare at the sound. Dolores stood in the doorframe eyes wide and Mirabel knew she realized what today was now. “A-abuela says you’re too loud. Hm.” she whispered and ran off barely avoiding closing her skirt in the door.

“Oh boy…”

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Dolores spills the beans. Everybody starts arguing. Mirabel loses her temper.

Spanish translation
Nieta: granddaughter
Mija: daughter
Mama/Mami: mom/mommy
Primo/Prima: cousin
hombrecito: little man
Bandeja paisa: a Colombian breakfast
Lo Siento: im sorry
lo entiendo: I get it/i understand
La familia Madrigal tiene que ser perfect: The Madrigal family has to be perfect
cariño, ¿estás bien?: Honey, are you ok?

... I think that's all of them.

Note: Honestly I didn't intend on writing a part two I was just going to leave it like an open ending type thing. But I wrote it I don't know how good it is?? Because I wasn't really sure what I wanted to happen. So...

It had been two days of Dolores avoiding her. So far from what she could tell she hadn't said anything to the rest of the family about what she saw. Maybe she didn't plan to? Maybe she was just going to not say anything and let it completely go. But that wasn't like Dolores. She was known not to be able to hold a secret for very long. Eventually she'd crack.

Mirabel didn't mean to stare at her Prima throughout breakfast. Her mind just kept wondering why it was taking her so long, that She ended up ignoring her plate of Bandeja paisa until she felt a sharp pain hit her in the ankle and her head flew in the direction that the foot had come from. Antonio. He looked at her and opened his eyes wider for just a second pointing his lips towards the head of the table. A non-verbal indication that that's where she should be looking. 'Shoot, Abuela.'

"-irabel. MIRABEL. Is there a reason you're staring at Dolores while she's trying to eat? It's rude."

"...no Abuela. Lo siento Dolores. Lo siento Abuela." She bowed Her head to both respectfully stabbing her fork into her slice of avocado. "I just think Lola looked nice today. Her lips color is different." She lied half heartedly.

She could feel her Abuela's eyes glaring down on her still but she tried her hardest to ignore it.

"Dolores." Her voice sounded icy and completely sure of herself. "Your lips look the same color they always are to me. Have you changed your lipstick?"

"N-no Abuela" Dolores stammered out eyes wide.

"I hadn't thought so." She took a sip of her coffee and turned her gaze back to Mirabel. "Do not lie to me, nieta. It's ugly."

Mirabel shoved a large chunk up plantain into her mouth to avoid saying anything more.

"Dolores." Again the nervous girl jumped at the sound of her name. "Straighten up in your chair you're slouching."

The two cousins looked at each other from across the table for the first time in two days making direct eye contact. Before Dolores stood up and scurried away like a frightened mouse.

Dolores Madrigal was conflicted. She had seen something she knew she wasn't supposed to have seen the other day. And the way she saw it there were two things that she could do: She could keep it to herself until someone else in the family realized what they had missed or She could tell someone, the sooner the better, and try and atone for the family's mistake. The second one sounded like the better option until she remembered that she had already waited 2 days to say anything. If she said something now the entire family especially Abuela would be angry at her for holding it in for so long.

Mirabel had crossed the bridge from being a girl to a woman by herself. And Dolores I didn't seem fair. She couldn't imagine how it would have felt to realize that out of a family of 13 only one person remembered your Quince. She remembered that she had planned for hers for nearly 2 years. Why hadn't they planned Mirabel's? It should have been a bigger deal.

She hadn't noticed where she was going until she bumped straight into her Prima's back. "EeK-"

"Whoa-" Luisa jumped at the sudden contact, almost dropping the entire tree she was holding. "Careful, Lola. are you ok? You've got that look."

Dolores stared at her cousin, eyes widening even further in fear of being found out, her lips unintentionally puckering in the way that it did when she knew something she wasn't supposed to.

"Yeah that one." Luisa laughed gently, patting her back with her free hand. "Do you want to talk about it?"

Dolores shook her head now quickly making her puff bounce on top of her head.

"Are you sure You can tell me anything?" Those words sent a crushing weight falling from the sky onto Dolores's shoulders and her heart rate increased the sound hurt ears making her chest well up.

"We forgot about Mirabel's birthday and she cried because of us i saw her all dressed up and she'll never get to relive that once in a lifetime opportunity because we were so selfish and caught up in our own lives to remember her one big day-" Dolores sobbed out in on breath shoving her hand over her ears to try and get the sound of her own heartbeat to go away.

But the pain only increased as Luisa drop the giant tree she was holding sending it letting the ground hurting Dolores's sensitive ears.

"What-..." Luisa's eyebrows furrowed in confusion processing what she had just heard. "No Mirabel's Quince isn't until next month she and Camilo and five…"
Her voice trailed off and soon came nothing more than a whisper. "Four. Four months apart."

"Dolores, why didn't you say anything!?" The younger of the two placed her large hands on her cousin's shoulders firmly but the smaller girl just sobbed harder.

"I wanted to. I was hoping someone else would notice first. I didn't want to get yelled at." She was now practically shaking.

"We have to tell Someone. Now." She grabbed Dolores's hand pulling her back in the direction of la casa Madrigal. "We can fix this. We can...we can squeeze one in before Antonio's ceremony this week. We have to…"

The two of them search the house everywhere that they can think of where they could find their Luisa's parents or even better the head of house herself.
In the end Alma was the one who found them.

"LUISA! You're supposed to be moving the tree line back for the new houses to be built." The sudden call of her name made Luisa jump. Nearly crushing Dolores's hand. "We have a duty to the community, You have chores to do what are you doing in the house?"

"Abuela! Mirabel-"
"Is that what this is about? Has she distracted you once again with her nonsense?" Alma laughed
"I'm sure whatever it is that Mirabel has going on can wait."
"No she wasn't distracting me but I have to talk to you about her?"
"And it couldn't wait? What could be more important than our duty to the encanto?"
Luisa pushed her prima forward "Tell her. Tell her what you told me you saw."
Dolores let out a small mumble under her breath trying to relay to her Abuela what she saw despite being terrified of the older woman at the moment.

"Lolita, you're mumbling, you know how I feel about mumbling. speak up. What do you have to tell me about Mirabel?"

"We forgot her birthday….her quinceañera."

"I hardly see why that couldn't wait. She'll have other birthdays, Mis hijas."

"But this was her Quinceañera, Abuela"

"And we missed it and that's sad but she doesn't seem upset about it or she would have said something don't you think Luisa."

"Abuela She deserves a party. It's not fair if she's the only one who didn't get one."

" This could be talked about later now back to your chores." She attempted to shoot the two of them away turning her back to them to walk down the stairs when Luisa snapped.

"ABUELA! SHE DESERVES-" it clicked in her brain when she had just done and her hand slapped over her mouth quickly. Almost as quickly as her Abuela spun around in anger. Dolores's hand slammed over her ears in preparation for what was to come

"DON'T YOU EVER raise your voice at me again! She deserves what? a party?" She let out of bitter laugh. "What does she do? Besides distract us from our work and our duty to the community. Look at you now here instead of working because of her. A party isn't a right. It's a privilege."

Luisa lowered her head as she was scolded. "si abuela. lo entiendo…i just thought…"

"Well you were wrong. Now… you have chores don't you?" she waved her hand as a signal of dismission.

And without another word her two grandchildren scurried off out of her sight into town where they

stayed until lunch.

Mirabel and Antonio spent the day together like they always did. Today Mira let him use her fancy paint to do some finger painting in the backyard garden, being very careful to mind Isabela's flowers.

"Lemme see what you're making?" Antonio poked his prima.
"It's a secret."
"Come on just a peek..."
"Fine i guess if you want to see it that bad-" she rolled her eyes playfully tilting her canvas over for him to see a painting of himself.

"Whoa!! Look at what I made-." He lifted his much smaller canvas to show off the tiger he painted with his little fingers

"Whoa-ho-ho You're going to be an artist when you grow up huh?"

"Maybe. But you gotta be one with me okay?"

"You got it. She smiled leaning over to kiss his cheeks aggressively, which made him giggle.
"Careful señor paint fingers. Don't get any on my dress. Abuela will have my head."

"I don't see what's the big deal it's just a little paint" he frowned

"¡La familia Madrigal tiene que ser perfecta!" She imitated the voice of her Abuela sternly.

"You're getting really good at that."

"Thank you, hombrecito, years of practice." she winked.

"MIRABEL!! ANTONIO!!" Her mama stuck her head out of the back window to call them inside.
"Come, come wash up for lunch. Ay Antonio, your Abuela will have a fit at those dirty little fingers at her table." She hands him a wet cloth to wipe down his hands guiding him towards the table where almost everyone was already seated besides Abuela herself.
Mirabel noticed her sister wasn't looking so well and kept looking nervously at the matriarch's chair.

"Luisa, cariño, ¿estás bien?" Julieta placed her cool hands on Luisa's forehead. " What's wrong Mija? You look blue."

"I-..." Luisa looked at Mirabel making conversation with Camilo out of the corner of her eye. "Can I talk to you in the kitchen?"

Julieta looked at her daughter in confusion but nonetheless moved out of the way so that Louisa could lead the way into the kitchen and closed the door behind her. "what's wrong mija? Did your sister...do something?"

"No. That's the problem. She didn't do anything. WE didn't do anything. Mama what's today?"

"The 6th why?"
"Mama." Luisa looked in distress like she was going to cry. "Her birthday is on the 4th. We missed her birthday and none of us noticed and she didn't bother to say anything."

"I... No. No, that's not right." Julieta's eyebrows furrowed together as she dug around her apron for her chore planner. That couldn't be right. She specifically wrote down in bright blue ink that she

had to cook for the party the day before. And yet they're her big mistake, sat, clear as day, in a pretty blue pen. She had written it down and it had been covered in red ink due to a woman in town giving birth. "DAMNIT!" Her hands found their way into her hair and stress and she heard all the sound from the dining room, halt. "Dammit. I- how did I miss that. My baby…"

There was a light knocking on the door and Isabela poked her head in. "Are you alright, Mami? Whoa." She slid the rest of the way in closing the door behind her when she saw the look on her mom's face. She heard her curse from the dining room and it wasn't often that julieta said a bad word at all. But the look on her face was what really told Isabella that her mama was not okay. "What happened mami? Are you ok? Did you burn your fingers again? I've got Aloe in the garden." Isabela worried, she took her mother's hand in her own, examining rough dainty fingers.

"No mi amor. My fingers are fine. I just-" she glanced at Luisa for help.

"Mirabel's Quinceañera."

"What about it?" Her eyebrows furrowed in confusion. "Why would that make Mami upset?" She practically demanded an answer out of her little sister.

"We missed it."
"What-" Isabella blinked at her sister. "We couldn't have missed it. It's only the sixth-" Her hand slammed over her own mouth "Ay Dios mio we missed it-" several flowers sprouted in her hair at the realization

"The bouquet. She wanted me to do the bouquets with ivory roses and blue hydrangeas." She lifted her fingers to chew on her nails nervously. "What are we going to do? Throw one together? Ask her What she wants? Papa It's going to be so upset when he realizes. You know how much he was looking forward to her first dance." It wasn't a secret that her papa had a favorite daughter, after her ceremony their father had taken to Mirabel even more than before.

"Abuela said no party." Luisa mumbled.
"She said WHAT?!" Julieta grabbed hold of her daughter's shirt pulling her down to her height, a wooden spoon pointed threateningly. "You went to my mama before you told me?! How long have you known."

"Just a few hours! I tried looking for you but I couldn't find you in the kitchen."

"I was in town today. What exactly did she say?"

Yet another knock hit the door and this time it was the birthday girl in question sticking her head through the door. "Abuela is waiting for you guys to start breakfast and she's getting very... Agitated. Are you guys okay?"

"We're fine." Isabella hurried out. Wallet to everyone else in the room it sounded like she was trying to hurry the conversation along. To Mirabel It just sounded like her sister had already grown annoyed of her presence. "Ok forget I said anything." She pressed her lips together and slid back out of the door.

"Right now we go out there, we have lunch with the family like we usually do, and we say nothing until I can figure it out. Do you understand?"

Her two daughters nodded and Julieta squared her shoulders taking a deep breath and walked out. "Sorry mama I burnt my fingers." She smiled politely despite her irritation with her mother.

"It doesn't matter now we can eat." She stabbed her fork into her meal and began. Although she

said it didn't matter, everyone at the table could tell she was irritated by their tardiness. Agustin leaned to Julieta's ear and placed his hand firmly on her shoulder.

"Are you alright mi amor?"

Si" She nervously fiddled with her fingers. From the corner of her eye she could see Luisa's eye twitch as she stared at her little sister.

"Are...are you sure?"

"Amor, Please."

"Alright. We'll talk later." He smiled supportively, turning back to his own lunch a bit disappointed.

"Now that we're all here I think it's important we talk about Antonio's birthday at the end of this week he'll be turning five and getting his gift-"

Dolores choked on her meal at the word 'birthday' sending herself into a coughing fit. Her mother turned to her worried patting her back to help her pass it through. "Dolores are you alright?"

"Yes. Im fine!" She didn't mean to shout her response but she had succeeding in startling both herself and her mother. Her hand slammed over her own ears and her mom looked at her even more concerned. "No."

"What's wrong?" Pepa tried calling her down, grabbing a hold of her daughter's hands as they rested over her ears. She could see Dolores glance over at Louisa who out of the corner of her eye she could see shaking her head for Dolores to not say anything. Her eyes started between the two of them. "What. Is. Wrong?"

Mirabel and Antonio made eye contact with each other. 'it's happening. She's breaking…' While the rest of the family was stumbling over themselves to figure out what was going on with Dolores, the two of them just continued to eat lunch and chat like the commotion wasn't going on.

"We're terrible people who forgot Mirabel's Quinceañera and I've known for days and didn't say anything because I didn't want anyone to yell at me-"

Mumbles spread across the table from the ones who didn't know and suddenly Mirabel didn't feel very hungry anymore. 'yep there goes the ambiance…meal ruined.'

"Would you look at that…" She chuckled and casita pulled her seat away from the table so she could stand. "me and hombrecito should be going back outside soon... Wouldn't want our things to blow away in the wind, see you later." She reached for Antonio, shot a finger gun with her free hand.

"Wait Mirabel-"
"Mirabel-"

Camilo and Augustine spoke at the same time, shocking the youngest girl. Her papa was tearing up and looked like he had just received the worst news he'd ever heard. It was a rare and painful sight. And Camilo looked determined, a glint of mischief in his eye.

"Mi vida…you're all grown up and i missed it? He pushed himself up and over to her, throwing his long arms around her small frame. "My little girl. I owe you a first dance."

"Yeah! Camilo chimed in from behind him. "We have to celebrate, of course.

"No thank you." Mirabel tried one more time to escape unscathed from this family debate. "I don't...want a party"
The course of objections rang through the room but were cut short by allowed thunderous

"ENOUGH!"

Alma stood irritated about how this lunch So close to Antonio's gifting ceremony had turned up to be about Mirabel. Her hands smacked loudly on the table echoing through the now silent room as she stood. "She said she wants no party then no party."

"But mama-" Julieta began.

"She doesn't deserve one right now when we have other more important focuses. Not so close to Tonito's night."

That sentence on its own made Mirabel's head spin. ' doesn't deserve one…'

"I don't DESERVE one?" She laughed. "I've been taking care of Antonio since I was 10 years old. I practically raised him because you all are always too busy. I try everyday to help you in any way that I can. I do nothing but help and love this family. I deserved MY night and you all screwed me over." She didn't realize she was yelling. She didn't notice Dolores crying from the pain in her ears. Just saw red as her arms crossed angrily over her chest. "Isabela got her night. Dolores got her night. Luisa got to have her night. EVEN CAMILO GOT HIS OWN PARTY THIS YEAR. I wanted NOTHING more than for you all to be here. I didn't want a big party. God knows who I would even have in my court because I don't have friends my own age if you haven't noticed. I just wanted to have my dance and be with my family as I became a woman and now I'm being told I didn't DESERVE that?" a bitter chuckle left her lips. "You want to know why I don't want a party anymore? Because there's nothing left to do. Antonio changed my shoes and I had my first dance, I made my dress by myself and screw the fucking flowers. I had my quince. you just weren't there."

The entire table looked at her with wide eyes and she realized what she had said. "Lo siento. I didn't mean it... forget i said anything." She turned on her heels and ran back out to the garden leaving Antonio in her wake.

All eyes now where she had just stood sunk down towards Antonio's face. He had his arms crossed and he looked at them as disappointedly as any 4 (almost 5) -year-old could. He stuck his tongue out at his family, grabbed his plate of food and ran after his Mira.

A cloud began forming over Pepa's head and her eye twitched. "How did you forget Julieta?"

Embarrassed, the oldest Madrigal triplet lowered her head. "I wrote over it in my calendar for a birth delivery aftercare chore... We've just been so busy."

"It's alright mi Amor we'll fix it ok?" Agustín tried his best to comfort her.

"It's not her fault...it's not like you remembered it either." Camilo mumbled upset with the missed opportunity to party. A rumble of thunder filled the room and pepper turned to her son. "Well I remembered my daughter's quince Camilo." She snapped at him and Isabela shot from her seat.

"Are you blaming this on my Mami? "
"No I didn't say that" Pepa thundered.
"But you implied it." Isabela stood up, challenging her Tia.
"Watch who you're yelling at."

"Or what? you'll hit me with lightning? try me. I'd love to see you control your power for once." Isabela rolled her eyes Low blow, she knew that.

Luisa began trying to keep the peace and Dolores ran off away from the loud screaming. But Julieta and Agustin could only sit there. It was their fault...wasn't it?

Mirabel collected all of her paint things and put them under the protection of Casita's shade. The sky that was bright blue with a burning sun high in it just 40 minutes ago had now become much darker as the wind began to pick up and clouds covered the sun.
"Are you ok?" A familiar voice asked her and she turned to see Antonio standing holding a plate full of just Arepas.

"You know if you only eat Arepas you're going to turn into one." She stated, very matter-of-factly, completely ignoring his question by patting the spot on the ground beside her.

"Nope! Nuh uh"

"Ah huh!" She responded back. "And I'm gonna have to eat you, ya know. Sweet Arepas are just my favorite." She teased.

"Want one?" He offered.

"Sure why not"

"Are you ok?" He asked again. Watching her closely.

"Ya know i think i should put the paint away. Looks like I ruined your Mama's day." She once again tried to change the subject but this time Antonio didn't look amused. "Ok no. I'm not ok...but I'm going to be."

"And That's ok." Antonio reminded her. The word stung when she realized They were the same ones she told him when he was upset.

"How did you get so smart, hombrecito?"
"I had a great role model."
"I'd love to meet them someday."
"You're funny." He deadpans with a blank face.
"Thank you. I try."
"You know what makes me feel better sometimes?"
"What's that?"

Antonio stands to his feet and holds his hand out to help Mirabel up. She stared at his hand, eyebrow raised. "May I have this dance?"

"Of course."

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

One more chapter that takes place later at night after the last one
Primo: cousin
Princesa: princess
sobrina: niece

The pitter-pattering of small rodent feet hit the floor of Casita late in the night. It was particularly cold which was odd for the Encanto. Pepa had been upset since lunch recently and her mood had been going haywire. It was now snowing and had been for hours which had thrown the entire town through a loop.

It was much too cold to go outside and inside la casa Madrigal was even colder than outside. Mirabelle could feel her teeth chattering and here Antonio shifting uncomfortably under all of his blankets.
She threw her covers off of her body and stood out of bed to cross the room and comfort her tonito. But as soon as her feet hit the ground it came into contact with an object. Quickly she fumbled for her glasses so she could pick up wish you assumed was one of Antonio's toys. But when she bent down to grab hold of it it was a small green box with a purple bow. Her eyebrows furrowed in confusion, she opened it inside was a small piece of scrap paper and in a neat font read a simple: "I know I'm late but happy birthday Princesa." Underneath the paper was a simple chain and on the end shiny slightly glowing green gem in the shape of a small triangle with a small 'M' carved into the front. Holding the chain in one hand and the note in the box in the other she read over the letter again looking for a name or hoping to recognize the font. But nothing clicked, and there was no name. How strange…

Bruno Madrigal sat patiently in the walls next to the nursery ear pressed hopefully against it as he listened to his rats deliver the present he'd been working on for months to his youngest niece. He heard her stir in her sleep and the creaking of her bed as she got out of it. He heard her stand and he heard her hit the box. He winced not expecting her to wake up and find it so quickly. He thought he would have time to escape back to his hidey hole without fear of being heard. His body sat frozen ear pressed against the wall as he listened to her mumble the words he had written on the card. Over. And then over again. Then he hurts shuffling. In the creaking of a bed this time much closer to the wall he had his head pressed against. She was crawling into Antonio's bed now.
"Shhh it's ok, Tigrecito. It's just me, go back to sleep, you sounded cold." He heard her mumble to her smaller primo.

"Mmhm" was all Antonio managed to get out before his soft snoring once again filled the silent air. And soon Mirabel's much louder soft snores joined him.

"Good night... Happy Birthday, Sobrina." He whispered a sad smile graced his tired face as he knocked gently on the wooden walls and then once on his head before turning on his heels and running back to his hidey hole.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Not a chapter just some art.

Not a chapter or anything but a drawing (doodle??) of this fic that i put on Tumblr

https://sailorwritesstuff.tumblr.com/post/673050676528594944/sailordrew-something-which-he-should-never

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!